

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL

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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature"

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Who's a Coward?

On account of several things Will Rankin had earned the name of coward among his boy friends. Once when he and Fred Strong and half a dozen other classmates had been hunting, they had come to a narrow ravine bridged by a fallen tree. All had crossed on the tree except Will. He took a few hesitating steps along the log; his face turned white; his head spun round; his knees knocked together, and he ignominiously retreated and spent twenty minutes scrambling through the thick undergrowth and up the steep bank on the opposite side. The boys had thought his act very amusing. Another time he had refused to cross a long, high trestle and thus had disarranged the plans for a day's outing. Fred Strong, staunch friend as he was, had been ashamed of Will's conduct.

"I'm sorry," Will said miserably, "but I'm afraid of high places, and I can't help it." And, despite Fred's generous offer to change the route, Will had left the party to go its way and returned sadly home.

He was finally moved to confide his timidity to his father. "My boy, my father was the same way as long as he lived," said Patrick Rankin. "Maybe you can't help it. Just quit worrying about your fears and believe as I do that, if there is ever any real occasion for you to show bravery, you will rise to it."

One July day Patrick Rankin got a telegram about some land he owned in a neighboring city. At last some one was ready to buy it. If Rankin were prompt, he might sell out and so obtain some capital that would enable him to quit his humble job as caretaker of a big, empty factory building, and go into business for himself.

"Will," he said to his son, "you know how to look after the place as well as I do. This Monday, I'll be back Wednesday night. Ask Fred Strong over to stay with you while I'm gone. If this deal goes through, there'll be brighter times ahead for us."

Fred Strong accepted with pleasure the invitation to stay with Will in the deserted factory. He thought it would be an adventure to live alone in such a mysterious place.

When Patrick Rankin left he gave Will his big bunch of keys and cautioned him about locking doors and windows and making two rounds of inspection through the building every day.

The factory stood on the outskirts of a partly-settled residential district. It was six stories high, and from the rear, where it overlooked a steep hill that fell away to the bay two hundred feet below, it presented the appearance of a big, gloomy castle.

During afternoon the two boys went on a trip to the beach. It was long past supper time when they returned. Will unlocked the door leading to the three rooms that he and his father occupied.

"Let's make the rounds before we have supper," he suggested; "then we shan't have that spooky job to worry us after we're done."

The sun was setting when the two boys started out with the jingling keys and an electric torch. The halls were almost pitch dark. The foot-steps of the boys on the wood floors echoed through the empty rooms.

By the time they had reached the sixth floor they were out of breath and paused to rest a moment.

"Where does that go?" asked Fred, pointing to a doorway that curved downwards from a dark corner of the hall.

"To the roof. Haven't you ever been up there?"

"No, never in my life," said Fred. "Come along; we'll have a look at the sunset."

At the top of the stairs was a heavy door, fastened with a spring lock. Will hunted through the keys for some before he found the ones that fitted. When he discovered the right key he pushed the door wide open and hurried on. He left the key-ring dangling from the lock.

They stepped out on a roof as flat as the top of a shoe box and surrounded by a low parapet. Two houses rose like pill boxes from the roof. One sheltered the stairs by which the boys had come; the other was over the elevator shaft. The houses and a water tank and a twenty-foot

flagpole at one corner were the only objects that broke the flat surface.

To the west the boys could look out across the bay to the mountains, now purple against the sunset. At that side of the building the hill fell away; thus the illusion of great height was increased. From the other sides and from the front the boys could see a few houses beyond the side tracks and the vacant and that surrounded the building. "That's a drop, Will. If a fellow fell off here, he'd starve to death before he hit the bottom!" Fred leaned far out over the rear parapet and looked down. Will hung back from the edge; the old fear of high places was gripping at his heart. His active imagination sent little thrills down his spine whenever he thought of the height over which his friend was so indifferently leaning.

Will walked toward the front of the building, where the outlook was more soothing. Fred joined him. "Not a bad place for a roller-skating rink or a running track," he suggested as he surveyed the smooth, asphalt-topped roof.

At that instant a door banged. The boys looked each into the other's startled face. They raced back to the stairway. The heavy door had blown shut, and the lock was sprung. The keys were on the inside.

Fred laughed. "Marooned on a roof! How can we get down?"

Will frowned. "I don't know. We're locked up here; the keys are inside the door; everything's shut up tight."

"We must have a good look around," Fred suggested. "We might as well be on a desert island as on this roof. We've got to get down somehow."

They began carefully to examine their strange prison. The roof was quite clean of rubbish of any sort, and it was therefore not possible to build a fire to attract attention.

"We might throw down a message," said Fred. "I have a couple of old letters in my pocket that we can write on."

"Scarcely anyone goes past the place," Will objected.

"Well, we've got to get down tonight. I don't want to camp up here," Fred began to pace back and forth.

At last he paused thoughtfully and looked up at the flagpole; the halyards were still in the block, though no flag had been raised for a year. "I believe I've got it," he said excitedly and, running to the rear of the building, looked down.

"Is this the only side with a fire-escape?" he asked.

"Yes the only place," answered Will.

"Well, that makes it a little more risky, but I might as well try it."

"Fred, what is it you're going to do?" Will's voice shook.

"Come here," Fred drew Will to the parapet and with an arm over his shoulder encouraged him to lean far out and look down. "See the top of the fire escape balcony there? Lean out farther; you can just see the edge of it under the cornice. I'm going to take the rope out of the flagpole, make it fast to the top of one of those vent pipes, climb down and swing myself until I can drop into the balcony. Then I'll break the window get the keys and let you out."

Will drew back, shuddering. "O Fred, I wouldn't! Are you sure you can do it?"

"Of course I can. My head's steady. We must hustle, though; it's getting dark. Come and give me a hand with this rope."

They hurried back to the flagstaff. Will hastily untied the halyards and gave one end of the line a jerk. The free end flew upward, and he began to pull the line through the block. Then the rope jammed.

"Here," cried Fred impatiently, "let me try it!" He gave a sharp tug. The line tangled fast at the top of the pole.

"It's got to come," said Fred stubbornly. He worked the line back and forth in the hope of untangling it; but the effort was unavailing.

He threw off his coat and removed his shoes. "I'm going up after it," he declared. "Give me a boost, Will!"

He sprang up the pole and proceeded

ed to "shin" it. As he neared the top the slender stick swayed with him, and Will, terrified at the spectacle of his friend swinging out over the void, shut his eyes. "Now I've got it," he heard Fred mutter. "There, that's better. Look out below!"

The rope dropped softly at Will's feet, and the pole vibrated as Fred started to slide down. A moment later Will heard a sudden cry of pain and a thud. Then he saw Fred lying sprawled out on the asphalt roof!

"Fred! Fred! What's the matter!" Fred had fallen not more than ten feet, but when he tried to rise he groaned and dropped back limply. "I guess—my arm's broken."

"Your arm? How did you do it? What happened?"

Will bent over his friend and tenderly raised him to a sitting posture. Fred's face looked pallid even in the rosy light of the sunset. One arm hung limp in the sleeve.

"O-o-o-h! Ouch!" he groaned. "I was sliding down, and my hand struck a nail in the pole. I—"

Fred's body grew suddenly heavy in Will's arms and Will almost dropped him to the roof. Fred had fainted.

Will filled his cap at the water tank and dashed the contents over Fred's face. He had but a hazy notion what to do for him. He knew that the broken arm should be made fast in a splint—but how? And where could he find anything of which to make a splint? One thing he could do. Ripping the sleeve from the broken arm with his pocket knife, which was fortunately sharp and strong, he carefully removed Fred's coat. Then he rolled it into a pillow for his friend's head and placed his own coat over him. It was growing dark.

Presently Fred's eyes opened, and he moaned. "What are we going to do? What will become of us?"

Will felt that it was no time to bemoan their fate. "I'll get you fixed up some way," he said in what he intended to be a cheery tone, but his voice trembled. "Let me get a bandage round your arm first."

He cut the shirt sleeve from the injured arm and ripped it into two pieces. With them he bound the broken part firmly while Fred wept with the pain of it. When Will finished he paced back and forth on the roof, racking his brain for some way out of their fix. Of course, they would not starve, for his father would be back in two days, but Fred should have immediate medical attention. Perhaps he would lose the arm if a doctor did not treat him soon.

Fred had again fainted. It was dark now; the afterglow had faded, and clouds covered the sky. Lights were appearing in the distant house.

"If I didn't dread to go down the rope!" thought Will.

An hour passed and another, and it seemed to him that he had spent a lifetime on the roof. Once he heard someone passing and ran to the parapet to call wildly for help. There was no answer, and the wayfarer was soon gone. Probably he had not heard Will's voice, for the boy was one hundred and fifty feet above the earth, and the wide, overhanging cornice that curved out from the parapet would intercept the sound.

Fred had dropped into a doze—or was it a faint? Will passed his hand over his companion's face; the skin was hot and dry. Fred was becoming feverish.

"If I don't get help, he may die," thought Will.

"If he should die, it would be my fault!"

He sprang to his feet and with trembling hands picked up the flag halyards, a stout half-inch woven line, perhaps forty feet long. Would it hold his weight?

He made one end fast to the water tank and rested it by throwing his weight upon it. It withstood every pull. Then he hastened to the rear of the building. As he tried to make one end of the line fast to the slippery vent pipe, which stood a foot above the surface of the roof, his hands trembled so that they would not tie the knots. "I'm nothing but a flunker," he said and groaned. "I'm afraid!"

Just where was the fire-escape beneath him? He had to lean far out to see, and, accustomed though

his eyes had become to the gloom, it was a long time before they could detect the outline of the balcony against the black shadow of the building. He threw the end of the rope over the cornice, and it slipped into black space. Was it long enough?

Will went back to Fred. The injured boy was conscious again and lay groaning pitifully. "Fred, I'm going down the rope."

"You! Why, Will, you're afraid! Don't try it; you'll lose your head and fall!"

"We can't stay here till morning; I don't know what it would do to your arm. I've got to go."

"Then knot the rope. That will give you something to hold to. And take off your shoes, so that you can wrap your feet round it. Wait, help me over there; I've got to see if it's fastened right."

With Will's aid Fred got to the edge of the roof. He felt carefully over the knot on the pipe with his uninjured hand. "It's all right if it doesn't slip off! I can press it down with my foot; that will help a little."

Will tied knots in the line every three feet. "Will it be long enough?" he asked in a husky voice.

"It ought to be; it's forty feet. But the cornice swings it out so far I'm not sure. Can you climb up again if it isn't?"

Will swallowed hard. "No," he said miserably.

"Well, then, don't go."

"I will go!"

"Well, then, remember when you get down opposite the balcony you've got to swing yourself on the line until you can swing over it, then let go."

"Yes," Will was removing his shoes.

"Good-by, Fred."

"Well, so long, Will! You're a good old scout!" Fred extended his arm, and their hands met awkwardly.

The injured boy was seated with his back to the parapet and with his feet braced against the pipe so as to keep the knotted rope from slipping up. Unless he should lose consciousness there was little danger that that would happen.

Will thrust one foot over the parapet and grasped the rope tight in his hands. Then he rolled over on his back and twisted his feet in the line. He and Fred might be parting forever, but there was nothing more to say. He gripped the rope tight and trusted his weight to it. It held. Slowly he relaxed foot and hand and slipped down with sickening speed. He clung tight again and checked his slide. Then he shut his eyes.

Now his feet were over the edge of the cornice, and the next movement dropped his body swiftly down. Would the rope hold? The question had become a prayer.

When he checked his descent he was free of the cornice and dangling in midair. He dared not look down; he dared not open his eyes.

With painful caution he moved his hands to the next knot and felt his body slip. If Fred remained conscious and able to hold the rope on the pipe, he could make it. Down he slipped along the slender line. He began to revolve slowly.

Another move and another. Then his feet, groping for the rope, encountered only space.

He had reached the end! He must open his eyes now. If the line were long enough and hung from the right place, he could reach the balcony. If not—

He clung with desperation and opened his eyes.

The sight of the dark wall not far away and the outline of the fire escape were reassuring. He was not more than five feet from the balcony and was nearly on a level with it. He could reach it by swinging. The crucial moment had come; for he dared not climb back; he could only cling where he was, and already his hands were cut and bleeding.

His teeth closed over his under lip, and he kicked out.

From twisting slowly his body began to oscillate in a widening arc. The new movement redoubled the pain in his hands. He must let go soon.

Now his body was swinging in a dizzy sweep across the void in toward the wall—out again—in again. A

moment more and his feet would touch the bricks. He was directly over the balcony. They touched, and he let go.

Will dropped in a heap on the iron framework; one leg hung through the opening to the iron ladder below. He clung tight and lay where he was, breathless and half fainting, but instinctively grasping the solid iron bars.

It was almost five minutes before he recovered sufficiently to shout a word of encouragement to Fred. There was no reply, for Fred had fainted. Will broke a pane of the hall window.

Then he reached in, unfastened the catch and raised the lower sash, quickly crawled inside.

A quarter of an hour later a coatless, hatless, breathless boy in his stocking-feet rattled at the door of his neighbor, Dr. Parker.

"Never again in a million years!" Will declared to his father as he described the adventure a few days later. "I dream about it. I'm a coward about heights, and I don't care who knows it!"

The Silent Salesman

STORY OF THE PERSONAL TRIUMPH OF A LINCOLN THOMAS OVER THE DOUBLE AFFLICTION OF THE DEAF-MUTE

Jane Franklin in Magazine Section of Sunday Mirror

The old saw, "Silence is Golden" has never been proved so effectively as by A. Lincoln Thomas, New York's original silent salesman.

Mr. Thomas is a deaf-mute, but he has turned his enforced silence into a gold mine for both himself and his employers, Rogers Peet Company.

Unlike the familiar figure of the successful seller, the man whose mile-a-minute chatter sends a size 40 out of the shop in a 48 before he realizes whether he has come in to buy a hanky or a box of crackers, Thomas will tell you neither that you are getting the greatest bargain in North America nor that even your wife will attempt to flirt with you when you come home in the overcoat you are trying on. In sign-language, customer and salesman discuss the impending sale and carry it off just as effectively as the normally endowed.

But the men whose names are included among his files of 500 customers, of whom it is estimated 300 visit him every year, are not all handicapped. There are many among them who patronize Thomas merely because they can avoid high-pressure salesmanship methods.

Of course, they are not able to converse with him in the sign-language, so the seventy-two-year-old salesman—who looks fifteen years younger than he is—produces a small pad he always carries with him, and the customer writes his needs. In this way, when the buyer finally leaves the store with his suit or overcoat, he is always satisfied that he himself has made the selection, and that no one has talked him into a black and white check when he wanted a grey pin stripe.

For of course, it would be too ridiculous to imagine the gentle Mr. Thomas scribbling effusions on his pad, the like of which are counterbalanced as necessary evils by most of us purchasers.

Picture him writing on his pad, "Why, you look at least ten years younger in that suit than in the one you came here in! Your boss will be sure to offer you a raise the minute he sees you in that outfit." Can you? Of course not.

Except during a sale, when all the available force is on the floor, the old gentleman does not wait on customers except by special request. In the interim, he takes care of the stock, and the fact that he has kept his job for almost half a century testifies to his ability.

Figures are even more convincing. In one month, the store records show, how he sold \$3,000 worth of merchandise, far above the average.

Many of Mr. Thomas' fellow employees have learned the sign-language from him, and "speak" just as fluently as he.

These fellow employees of Mr. Thomas speak of him only in superlatives. He is the most patient man among them, they told this reporter. When the stock seems hopelessly muddled, and they are on the verge of screaming with dismay, they have only to look at the unruffled countenance of the old man to be restored to patience and equanimity.

"He has a marvelous disposition," one of them declared. "He's just too good to be true. He makes you realize that advice, 'Think before you speak' really is."

Since the reporter was unfamiliar with Mr. Thomas' language, the interview was carried out in writing. He seemed a trifle shy at first, but after one of the young women employees made the introduction in the sign-language, he graciously took his pad, and in an attractive, flowing hand, wrote, "How charming to meet you."

He was born, he said, in Catskill, N. Y., on March 4th, 1861, at noon. The booming of guns outside his father's house, in celebration of President Lincoln's inauguration, caused the loss of hearing.

He obtained his first job in the Catskill Post Office, where he worked as a clerk, and then came to his present position in 1884, after a recommendation from Postmaster Thomas L. James.

No, he said, he didn't think it strange that he should embark upon a mercantile career. He'd wanted to get out of boyhood—why not?

"I started in the shipping department," he wrote, "and worked up a clientele of my own through efforts at contact. During sales I was allowed to work on the floor, and my methods seemed to please some people, for when they returned, they asked for me."

Mr. Thomas leads a perfectly normal life. He has been married for many years to a deaf-mute, and their daughter, normal in every respect, has a son, who is spoiled by his grandparents just as every other "best baby in the world" is.

The Thomases live in East Orange, and has made it their home for forty-one years. "A very charming community," he added.

When the reporter, glancing around, saw a large group of people watching the old gentleman, she wrote a reference of his popularity, suggesting that Rudy Vallee might have an unknown, but serious rival.

But the attempted witticism went flat. Mr. Thomas has never heard of Rudy Vallee, for the simple reason that he has never listened to a radio.

The world of music, which helps to lighten the troubles of so many of us, is denied to him, and yet he remains constantly cheerful and unruffled, an inspiration to his fellow workers.

What interests him most in life, he said, next to his job and family, is his hobby of collecting stamps, postcards, and envelopes from all over the world.

"Many of the rarest specimens in my collection comes from customers," he wrote, "who are kind enough to think of me when they are visiting the far corners of the earth. I can't estimate the numbers I have, and I am always adding to them. They are a great pleasure to me."

Another interesting fact about the very interesting man was revealed by a fellow employee. She noticed that when the telephone or fire bell rang, or when someone dropped a heavy package, he always knew what was going on around him through some mysterious sixth sense he possessed to a high degree.

Protestant-Episcopal Mission

Diocese of Washington and the State of Virginia and West Virginia. Rev. H. Lorraine Tracy, General Missionary, 816 E. Street, N. E., Washington, D. C.

Washington, D. C.—St. Mark's Church, A and 3d Streets, S. E. Services first and third Sundays, 3 p.m.

Richmond, Va.—St. Andrew's Church, Laurel and Beverley Streets. Services second Sunday, 11 a.m. Bible Class, other Sundays, 11 a.m.

Wheeling, W. Va.—St. Matthew's Church. Services fourth Sunday, 3 p.m.

Services by Appointment—Virginia: Lynchburg, Norfolk, Danville, Roanoke, Newport News and Staunton; West Virginia: Charleston, Huntington, Romney.

Rabbi A. Felix Nash

TO THE EDITOR OF THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL:

In the passing of Rabbi Nash, the deaf have not only sustained a great loss—they have suffered a calamity. I remember as though it were yesterday when he started in August, 1929, to learn the sign-language. No one could have had a more apt and enthusiastic pupil, and it was no wonder that after a short time he was able to use the sign-language with such fluency and understanding. It was a rare privilege for me to come in contact with such a brilliant mind and the close friendship formed at that time continued throughout his service for the H. A. D.

Although his connection with the deaf lasted less than three years, he was tremendously interested in all phases of work for the deaf—their welfare spiritually, industrially, politically, socially and mentally. He was an omnivorous reader of literature connected with the deaf, and even during his last illness showed me one of the most recent works concerning the deaf which he had been reading.

He was a deep thinker, and his marvelous grasp of problems concerning the deaf was shown by his valued contributions to the publication, "The Jewish Deaf," which was in a class by itself.

It was a pleasure to share in his plans for the development of the work of the H. A. D. He delighted in arranging informative talks and expressed his pride at the intelligent questions asked of the speakers. He was justly proud of the work done by his summer school pupils and tried very hard to get the Board of Education to provide night classes in English for the deaf. He got in touch with relief bodies which arose from the depression and was the leader in the effort to get them to give the unemployed deaf their share of the jobs.

He was broad-minded in his religious views, in his social and political philosophy, and he and his very efficient assistant, Mrs. Nash, were happy to extend aid in securing employment to the deaf who applied, without regard to denomination.

That this valiant champion for the deaf should be taken away at the very outset of his brilliant career, is beyond our finite understanding. Such devoted leaders are all too rare among us and can ill be spared.

EDWARD PERKINS CLARKE.
Long Island City
July 4, 1932.

Interesting Facts About China

Taken from "China Through the American Window," published by the American Chamber of Commerce at Shanghai for The United States Department of Commerce.

China and the United States are nearly equal in area, and lie approximately between the same latitudes.

Chinese civilization is the oldest of any nation extant.

China had libraries before the Christian era.

China invented porcelain, china-ware, printing and printer's ink.

China gave tea, and silk to the world, as well as other useful plants and commodities.

Wheat products constitute the main article of diet of more people in China than in the United States.

China ranks second of any country in the production of wheat.

China exports more egg products than any country in the world.

Chinese people do not use milk.

The soy bean gives them the same ingredients as cow's milk.

China has the largest standing army in the world—upward, to 2,500,000 men. They lack effective organization.

China has the lowest railway mileage of any civilized country.

China has more students in American colleges than any other foreign country.

China ranks second in the production of wheat, rice, silk, tobacco, and third in cotton, wool and tin.

China has more human carriers and beasts of burden than any other country.

Subscribe for the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL—\$2.00 a year.

Deaf-Mutes' Journal

NEW YORK, JULY 14, 1932

EDWIN A. HODGSON, Editor
WILLIAM A. RENNERT, Assistant Editor

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL (published by the New York Institute for the Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb, at 1634 Street and Fort Washington Avenue) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

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Contributions, subscriptions and business letters, to be sent to the

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL,
Station M, New York City.

"He's true to God who's true to man; Whenever wrong is done To the humblest and the weakest 'Neath the all-beholding sun, That wrong is all done to us, And they are slaves most base, Whose love of right is for themselves, And not for all the race."

Specimen copies sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

Notice concerning the whereabouts of individuals will be charged at the rate of ten cents a line.

The subjoined paragraphs are taken from a letter indited by a deaf man of the State of Iowa. What he writes is convincing to a certain extent, at a time when a good many people are complaining of depression and its inevitable result of unemployment.

Being more familiar with the business and social life of the deaf in a large city, than with the needs and advantages of deaf farmers, impels the query about buying farm land or getting employment on a farm.

In the first place, it seems probable that those living in the city who can not purchase sufficient food to appease their hunger, could not possibly purchase farm land, farm implements, live stock, and a suitable dwelling to house their dear ones.

Nevertheless, the Iowa farmer is right, and it is up to the deaf to study the matter, for the writer surely makes a favorable argument.

Mrs. and I started farming here in 1920, after living in Los Angeles seven years. Although I generally made better than \$2,000 a year and we own our home there, we never seemed to have much money and were always worrying about bills. From what I know of living in cities (and from what I know of the other deaf there, as well as the deaf in other cities east to Chicago) and around here, I believe the farm is the best place there is for deaf people who are not highly trained in some profession.

None of us on the farm have very much money now, but I am quite sure we are living better in better health, more free from worry and happier than any deaf living in cities, who are earning less than \$150 a month. When anyone starts talking hard times to me, I always say, "H—, think of the poor devils in town who have not enough to eat; if you are eating regularly, you are well off." I could live and eat well here for the next year, even if I did not take in an acre. A deaf couple forty miles west of us in South Dakota had a complete crop loss last year—not a grain of corn, hardly enough barley, wheat and oats, for seed. Did they big for help from the Red Cross or Government? No! These careless corn feed their milk cows, their hogs give them meat and money to buy feed, cream and eggs brought them their necessities and some money over. Compare those people with any city man that has lost his job and has no prospects for a year.

Most deaf I know object to the farm, because they want company, or their clubs. Cars and gas are cheap, out here we can drive to see or friends thirty or forty miles away, as quick as a man in the city can, and we don't have to worry about getting up to or jobs next morning. My advice to all deaf who possibly can is to get out of town as quick as they can, and now is the best time for it. Farm land prices are low, stock and tools are now, but they will not always be. But the stuff you will grow and raise to eat is worth just as much now as food as it always was, and if you are on a farm you don't worry about getting it, you have it. But to those that don't like hard and steady work; don't do it. There's 365 full day work on a farm and I sometimes wish it was 730, when I get behind in the growing season.

No one who has enjoyed the sophisticated witicism of James Frederick Meagher in the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, and known and admired the intellectual vivacity of Mrs. Meagher, can refrain from a deep sense of sympathy with them in the grievous loss of their only son by death. The joy and pride of the household has gone away forever. He was a merry-hearted boy of fifteen summers, popular and prominent among his fellows at the High School which he attended.

His parents will sorrow, but must "carry on." It may make their burden lighter to consider that at every tick of the clock some home is plunged into mourning.

"There is no flock, however watched and tended,
But one dead lamb is there
There is no fireside, howsoever defended,
But has one vacant chair."

OHIO

News items for this column can be sent to Miss B. Edgar, 56 Latta Ave., Columbus, O.

It was quite a surprise to her many friends to learn that Mrs. John W. Jones is in Grant Hospital recovering from an operation performed a few days ago. All are hoping for her recovery. At present she is doing as well as could be expected, considering the operation she had to have.

It is reported that relatives of Miss Caroline Feasley, who died suddenly June 19th, have found no will nor any account of her money. Everyone owning property should have a will drawn up and confide to some one as to where his or her money was kept. This would relieve relatives of much work and worry.

Superintendent Abernathy has now had two dictographs installed, one in his office and one in his living quarters. His secretary is much pleased with this arrangement.

I have tried to learn some particulars about the big C. S. C. picnic at Canton, July 3d. All I could get was that it was a fine affair, with between 500 and 600 present. Several came from Akron to the Ohio Home for the July 4th picnic under the auspices of the Columbus Advance Society, at which about 150 persons were present. Rain in the morning threatened to spoil the day, but later the sun came out and made it an ideal day for an outing—proving what the late Dr. Jones often said: "The weather always smiles for the deaf."

We were quite surprised to meet Professor Harley Drake, of Gallaudet College, but we had no chance to say much to him, as he and his old chum, Mr. J. C. Winemiller, seemed glued together for the day.

Quite a few from Akron were on hand. Those we remembered greeting were: Mr. and Mrs. Ayers and son, Clifford; Mr. and Mrs. Andrewski and children, and Mrs. McConnell; Mr. and Mrs. William L. Sawhill, of Pittsburgh, were on hand, and many from other places, but we can't recall them all. Everyone enjoyed the day. In the afternoon, Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Abernathy were there, mingling with the crowd for some time, and the out-of-town deaf had a chance to meet them.

At night, fireworks were set off, and attracted many from the village. Considering the hard times, all the deaf people present looked as prosperous as ever. Many stated that they were working only on part time, but managed to keep going.

Mr. A. B. Greener is back home after attending the college reunion at Gallaudet and visiting his son, Mr. George Greener, in Boston. From his accounts, both visits were highly pleasing to him.

Rev. F. C. Smielau is reported as about the same, keeping quietly at his home, under the doctor's care.

Mrs. Ella Zell and Mr. Ernest Zell have returned from their lake outing in Indiana, much improved in health. One of the Columbus papers told about a Pittsburgh man (hearing), who wanted to celebrate the Fourth by taking an airplane ride. He purchased a ticket for one dollar and scrambled into a waiting plane. Before very long, he discovered that he was on the wrong plane and would land in Columbus. Upon arriving here he was given a return ticket to Pittsburgh free. So, through his misunderstanding, he rode over 300 miles just for the one dollar. This is no fish story, but a true happening.

In Memoriam

At a meeting of the Board of Governors of the Hebrew Association of the Deaf, held on Wednesday, July 6th, 1932, the following Resolutions were unanimously adopted:—

WHEREAS, In His all-merciful wisdom, our Heavenly Father has called to eternal rest our dearly beloved leader and friend, Dr. A. Felix Nash; and

WHEREAS, His brief career in behalf of the Jewish deaf has been distinguished for highest integrity, moral courage and disinterested devotion to duty in the face of surmounting obstacles that would overwhelm one of lesser calibre; be it

Resolved, That in his death, tragic and sudden, the deaf community has suffered a grievous loss. We mourn the fate that so cruelly removed him from our midst in the prime of his life and during the height of his brilliant career; be it further

Resolved, That this Association records hereon its profound sorrow and extends to the bereaved wife, parents and friends of that gallant and respected one, our heartfelt sympathy.

Resolved, That these Resolutions be spread on the minutes of the Association and a copy thereof published in the "Jewish Deaf" and the "Deaf-Mutes' Journal," as a token of our affectionate regard.

THE HEBREW ASSOCIATION OF THE DEAF
SOL GABSON, President
ANNA STURDY, Secretary
MARCUS L. KENNER,
Asst. Executive Director.

Canadian News

News items for this column, and subscriptions, may be sent to Herbert W. Roberts, 278 Armadale Ave., Toronto, Ont.

TORONTO TIDINGS

Mr. Bobbie Golds, of Kitchener, is now spending his summer holidays at the home of his sister, Mrs. Frank E. Harris. Although not deaf, he is a fine and fast manipulator in our own language.

Another member of our deaf colony here, passed on to the Heavenly fold when, on July 2d, Miss Emma McDowell died at the General Hospital and was buried in Mount Pleasant Cemetery on July 4th, alongside of her late parents. She was a Belleville school graduate in the long ago. Since the death of her parents, she has been cared for at home for the homeless and by the deaf. A number of our friends attended her funeral.

Miss Jean McCaul was very successful in passing her public school examinations lately and made a remarkable showing for her age, being ninth in a class of forty-four, many much older than she is. Jean is the only child of Mr. and Mrs. Alex. B. McCaul, and is hardly eight years old. Congratulations.

Miss Gladys Blais has been laid off for a while, due to lack of orders, and has gone down to the vicinity of Ottawa and Montreal, to while away the time with relatives and friends.

Mr. Ellsworth Bowman resumed his duties at the Terminal Postoffice on June 27th, after a three weeks' vacation. He and his family spent the first two weeks quietly at home, then went to spend the third week with Mrs. Bowman's parents and relatives in Brantford, Mrs. Bowman and children remaining there until June 30th.

Mr. and Mrs. Lionel Bell motored down to the latter's old home near Trenton to spend the week-end of June 25th, in celebrating the forty-fifth wedding anniversary of her parents, at which they presented them with a very useful radio set. The Bells took Miss Gwendolyn Eginton down with them and all report a lovely time.

Miss Helen A. Middleton was again a visitor at "Mora Glen," on her way back home for her holiday at Horning Mills to resume her duties at Niagara Falls on July 5th.

Miss Florence Ross, formerly a teacher at the Belleville school, and sister of Mrs. Alfred Rostance, was a visitor at our service on July 3d, and was greeted by many of her former pupils. She is now keeping house at the Rostance home, while Mr. and Mrs. Rostance are on a visit to the old land.

Miss Martha Cunningham with her mother and stepfather have returned from Florida, where they have been all winter and spring, and have now gone to their summer cottage at Waubesa.

Mr. and Mrs. Joshua Lloyd, of Brantford, motored down to this city on July 1st, and spent the holiday with relatives here, returning to the "Telephone City" next day. They brought home their daughter, Mrs. Ellsworth Bowman and her children.

Mr. T. Herbert Brown, of Markdale, was in this city, on his way to and fro, a secluded part in Western Ontario, where he spent the Dominion Day recess with friends. His trips about that route may be more frequent later on.

Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Roberts, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Alex. B. McCaul and daughter, Jean, spent Confederation Day very pleasantly with Mr. and Mrs. Wilfrid Maginn near Concord. Here a delightful gathering of Mrs. Roberts' immediate relatives was held amid great rejoicing. Mrs. Maginn is a niece of Mrs. Roberts.

On June 28th, Mr. Lisgar Ball, of Baltimore, motored up to this city with a carload of the choicest home grown strawberries we have yet seen. He put up over night with his chums and former schoolmates, Mr. and Mrs. John Buchan, and next day he delivered the juicy fruit to the deaf here, who had previously booked orders with him. He was guided to the various homes by the ever reliable Mr. John T. Shilton. We now hear that many regret they had not ordered more.

Mr. Harry E. Grooms gave a fine address at our church on July 3d, and spoke on "Not Slothful in Business, Feveient in Spirit in Serving the Lord," portraying many illustrations in explaining its meaning. Our double song rendition went into effect that afternoon. Before the sermon was given, Mrs. Harry Mason very gracefully rendered "God Will Take Care of You," and before closing Miss Eva Elliott signed "Abide With Me."

Mr. and Mrs. Lionel Bell took another trip down to the latter's old home at Trenton for the week-end of July 2d. On their way down they picked up Miss Gwendolyn Eginton and took her as far as Whitby, where she remained with Miss Edith Ballagh until the Bells returned Sunday evening, then all came home together.

Miss Evelyn Durant went up to her parental home in Guelph for the Dominion Day recess and reports having had a very delightful time.

What a great pleasure it afforded us to greet our old friends and former schoolmates, Mr. and Mrs. Leon Charbonneau, and their talented daughter, Theresa—a sixteen-year-old lassie.

They came down from East Windsor to visit their many old acquaintances, whom they had not seen for ages. They had difficulty in recognizing many here, due to "Father Time's" changing tactics. Mrs. Charbonneau was formerly Miss Bertha Berthiaume, and Mr. Charbonneau seems to have the double on Mr. Edward Ball, of Detroit. They were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Harry E. Grooms and family for tea on Sunday evening, July 3d. Mrs. Grooms and Mrs. Charbonneau were schoolday pals.

Mr. Samuel Pugsley, who has been away for several weeks, visiting relatives and friends in Hagersville, Selkirk, and other parts up that way, returned to our midst on Dominion Day. While away he went up to St. Williams, where he spent several days with Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Woodward, with whom he had a very lovely time. While there Mrs. Woodward's brother and sister-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. John Smith, of Guelph, and her brother-in-law, Mr. John Laverty, of Rockwood, also came over, and the whole party, including the Woodwards and Mr. Pugsley, went for a long auto ride to Port Dover and a visit to the Forestry Farm, near Port Rowan, and had the pleasure of meeting Mr. James Chambers, who is employed on this Government farm. We regret to say that Mrs. Woodward is not quite well, but hope she soon recovers.

Miss Beulah Wilson left, on July 4th, for Elgin House, on the shores of Lake Joseph in Muskoka to work as a maid for the coming season.

OUR OSHAWA OUTING

The prospects for the day did not look very bright in the morning, but by noon the rain ceased and the sun began to peep out. The rest of the day was perfect.

Some thirty-five jolly souls went down from Toronto in the luxurious and cashioned seated bus of the Arrow Bus Lines Ltd., and nary a happier bunch was there.

It will be remembered that we had Mr. Jack Chambers as our jolly driver two years ago, and tried to get him again, but he had gone on another route. However, we had an equally capable driver, in the person of Mr. Lorne Northey, and throughout the day he was one of "Our Boys," playing in the games and eating with us.

What was wrong with our Peterboro friends? For not one from that city turned up. We told them we would be on the grounds, rain or shine, yet they failed to come.

Mr. and Mrs. James J. Ormiston, Mr. and Mrs. Alex. Ormiston, Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Ormiston and Mr. George McLaren, all of Raglan, were among the first to arrive at the park, and all were full of life throughout the day.

Had Elwood McBrien, of Peterboro, been on hand, a good programme of sports, with prizes tagged for the winners, would have been carried out. He had arranged everything, including the prizes, but his failure to turn up, put a damper on the whole affair.

Mrs. George J. Timpson, of Long Branch, was a lucky individual, for not only did she enjoy the jolly bus ride to and fro, and a day of fun, but had the pleasure of meeting almost a dozen of her own relatives from her girlhood village of Raglan. She was in smiles all day long.

Mr. John T. Shilton was a very busy man all day. Not only did he organize the jolly bus load, but also looked after the comfort of the party in a fatherly way, and did everything to make it a most pleasant outing for all concerned, and deserves a word of praise.

Among our deaf friends who were there from outside points, we were pleased to meet the Balls and the Parker families, from Baltimore; Mr. and Mrs. Ephraim Brooks, of Brighton; Thomas Dand, of Belleville; Sutherland Lambert, of Columbus; John Major, of Harmony; Charles Smith, of Oshawa; Miss Elsie Luke, of Brooklin; Miss Edith Ballagh, of Whitby; the Ormistons and McLaren, of Raglan, and others.

The happy bus load got back in Toronto at 10:30 p.m., and just in time for Mr. and Mrs. William Dickson, of Montreal, to catch the train for Hamilton, to which city they went on a flying visit after spending a great day with us at the picnic.

Her legion of friends were much disappointed when they found that Mrs. James Stark, of Burkton, was not on the grounds. Having notified her of our coming, we were in hopes of meeting her there, but our hopes went flat.

In the mixed baseball game played after supper, Miss Eleanor Morrison proved a very good player, especially at bat. She knocked out some pretty whacks, but was invariably left on the bases, waiting in vain for the timely hit that never followed hers.

Messrs. Charles McLaren, of Raglan, and William Dickson, of Montreal, were frequently putting on a burlesque show. The signs for each other are exactly the same, and when one was called up by his sign, the other would respond, hence the fun of a joke on one or the other.

Cheer up, there is another Lakeside picnic coming through the purple haze, but not at that beautiful park in Oshawa, but at Port Dalhousie, across the placid waters of Lake Ontario, and within hearing approach of Niagara's mighty thunder. It is the annual picnic of the Toronto Evangelical Church of the Deaf, on July 16th, so come and enjoy barrels of fun on the sands or in the blue.

The first baseball game was staged on the splendid diamond immediately after we got there between two strong teams, led respectively by Messrs. Glen Ball, of Baltimore, and Jack Angus, of Toronto, and both teams were going along evenly until near the finish, when Orville McPeak thought he could baffle Glen's boys with his slants, but no sooner had he graced the hilltop, then he, like the proverbial Sassy Dolan, took a balloon ascension, and by the time he settled down, Glen's boys were romping off with the sweets of victory by a 19 to 14 score.

Mr. Lorne Northey, the popular bus driver, figured in the game, and was a demon at the bat, smashing out five healthy wallops in five tries, including a three bagger. It was a pity he was on the losing side. On the other hand, Mr. Lisgar Ball, brother of Glen, was the outstanding player on the winning team. He was behind the bat and caught every throw with the dexterity of a seasoned ball player. He also put fear into the opposition base stealers.

HORNING MILLS HUMOR

Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Sherritt and daughter, Susie, of Corbetton, were down visiting the Middleton family here on June 26th. Susie was very glad to meet her chum, Miss Helen Middleton, again.

Mr. George Caswell, who has been working for Mr. Thomas A. Middleton since the advent of last spring, left on June 28th, for a visit to his old home at Niagara Falls.

Miss Helen A. Middleton, who has been up this way visiting at her parental home for almost a fortnight, left of July 29th for Toronto, en route to her home at Niagara Falls.

Miss Barbara Aldcorn, of Corbetton, was lately up visiting relatives and friends in and around Swinton Park. Barbara's brother, who teaches in Toronto, is home for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Middleton were looking for Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Averall of Cookstown, to come up on June 26th, but owing to car trouble were unable to keep their appointment, much to the regret of their friends here.

PETROLEA PEDALS

Miss Edith Squires was the guest of her cousins, Mr. and Mrs. Scott, in Sarnia, over a recent week-end, and while there the Scotts took her for a long auto ride out to Beach Grove, along the shore of Lake St. Claire, where they had tea. Edith enjoyed her visit immensely.

From present indications the service in Sarnia, which Mrs. Andrew S. Waggoner, of Hamilton, will conduct on July 24th, will be very largely attended. Mrs. Waggoner is well liked by the deaf up this way.

Miss Edith Squires and her brother, motored down to the Works at Wyoming on June 28th, and while Edith remained there her brother went on to Forest, to attend a chapter meeting of the Eastern Stars, calling for his sister on his return.

LONDON LEAVES

The Labor Day picnic committee are trying to add one or two more prizes to the sporting list, in order to arouse greater interest.

Mrs. McDermid, widow of the late Superintendent of the Winnipeg School for the Deaf, but who now resides in Vancouver, B. C., is at present visiting with relatives in this city, and the deaf who know her are pleased to meet her.

Judging by her sunny countenance, "Father Time" has been very kind to her, as very little change is traceable in her appearance. We understand she may remain here all summer. Oh, why not remain till after the Labor Day picnic and have a chance to meet scores of her old friends.

Be sure and be at our service in the Y. M. C. A. on July 17th, and greet your old friend, Mr. Norman Gladlow, of Hamilton, who will be the speaker. He is a fine lecturer and is bound to please all who come.

All should bear in mind that the meal rates at our Labor Day picnic will be the same as last year. Dinner and supper for fifty cents, or thirty-five for a single meal. We hope this meets with the approval of all.

GENERAL GLEANINGS

Mrs. Harry Armstrong, of South Montreal, was a guest of Mrs. N. A. McGillivray at the latter's parental home in St. Jean, Que., over a recent week-end.

Mrs. Mary E. Crozier, of Springvale, has returned home, after a very pleasant visit to relatives and friends at various outside points.

Miss Carrie Brethour, who has been sojourning with relatives in Montreal for some weeks past, has just been recalled to Ottawa, owing to the illness of a niece, who recently underwent an operation.

The members of the Centenary United Church in Hamilton will hold their annual picnic on Saturday, July 23d, at Harvey Park in Dundurn. Those who wish to come from outside points are requested to bring their lunches. Ice-cream and soft-drinks will be supplied to all at tea time. Those wishing to remain overnight and attend our service at eleven next morning, and to be conducted by Mr. Fred Terrell, of Toronto, are requested to get in touch with friends or the secretary, Mrs. Norman Gladlow, 36 Balsam Avenue, North Hamilton, in time to complete arrangements for them.

HERBERT W. ROBERTS.

OMAHA

Omaha Division, No. 32, N. F. S. D., will give a unique Labor Day picnic next September at an unusual place—this to be announced late in the summer. Chairman of the Committee, Abe Rosenblatt, says he has a lot of surprises up his sleeve and an explosion will follow. According to him, it is going to be something "most unusual." Now fellows, don't make other plans for that date. Contradicting dates make small crowds on all sides and Brother Abe wants to raise half a million to put Omaha Division on easy sailing. At present he is hitched to a good job at the Douglas County Hospital.

Mr. and Mrs. James R. Jelinek entertained at a cute little birthday party at their home Thursday afternoon, May 26th. The occasion was the birthday of their one year old daughter, Mary Aileen. Six babies were present all aged one year, except a pair of eight-month-old twins. They all walked, or tried to, and crawled and rolled on the floor. Mr. Jelinek made a pretty birthday cake with a cupid and one candle.

The Iowa School for the Deaf has been admitted to membership in the North Central Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools. Most of the 1929 graduates remained three years longer, waiting for their regular high school graduation. The last issue of the Iowa Hawkeye was published by the senior class and was a fine original painting, "The Cavalier" by De Andries. Miss Agnes Oliver won the Long trophy this year, defeating nine other contestants with her forceful delivery of the epic poem "Sohrab and Rostum." This trophy was presented to the Literary Society in 1924 by Dr. J. Schuyler Long, and the names of six boys and three girls have been engraved upon it.

On June 10th, Miss Agnes Oliver was married to Mr. Norman G. Scarvie, instructor in book-binding at the Iowa school. They took a honeymoon trip to Colorado and Mr. Scarvie has gone to the University of Tennessee to study bookbinding. They have the congratulations of their many friends.

Dr. and Mrs. J. Schuyler Long left after the close of school for California, to spend the summer with their daughter and son-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Elwood Stevenson, and other relatives and friends. Mr. Zach. B. Thompson is also in California with his wife and daughter and son-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Gesner.

On May 27th, the ladies of All Souls' Mission gave a "family supper" at Trinity Cathedral Parish House. The "eats" were furnished by the ladies and it proved a very sociable affair. Mrs. Clayton is the president.

Mr. and Mrs. Oscar M. Treuke drove to Clearwater, Neb., Sunday, June 5th, taking along his parents, where they visited friends. On Monday and Tuesday they visited Mrs. Albert L. Johnson, who was formerly Viola Tikalsky at Verdigris, Neb. They all returned home late Wednesday night. Then Wednesday morning, June 15th, they left via auto for California, going through Grange, Wyoming, Portland, Salt Lake City, Seattle, etc. At Salt Lake City they expected to call on the Wengers and will spend a week with the William Hunters at their cabin near Vancouver, Wash. Mr. and Mrs. Treuke will return home late in August.

On Thursday evening, June 9th, some fifty friends gathered in the parlors of the N. S. D. to celebrate Mr. and Mrs. James R. Jelinek's sixth wedding anniversary. It was also the twentieth birthday of Mrs. George L. Revers, so the Jelineks believed the party was for her. There was a mock wedding and the Jelineks realized the joke was on them. Charles Falk as the "minister" did full justice to his role. The "bride and groom," Mr. and Mrs. Revers, followed. They brought no costumes, but merely exchanged clothes, adding a long veil and train to the "bride's" outfit. Mrs. Revers made a handsome groom. Miss Ethel Nelson was the "bride's" father and Edmond Berney was the bride's maid, and carried a cactus plant. He was cute as well as funny. Miss Florence Howsden in boys' attire was the "best man." After the ceremony, Harry G. Long, in behalf of the guests, presented Mr. and Mrs. Jelinek with a handsome rocker and large table lamp. They were dumfounded and a few words of appreciation were all they could offer. The affair was gotten up by Mr. and Mrs. Harry G. Long and Mr. and Mrs. John M. Toner. Ice-cream and cake were served and the crowd departed after a very enjoyable evening.

Miss Violet Taylor was married to Walter Zabel, of Western, Neb., at the home of the bride's mother in Ogden, Utah, on June 15th. After a honeymoon through the West, the couple arrived in Western, Friday, June 24th, to make their home. They have the hearty congratulations of their friends.

Mrs. Mary E. Kloppe, aged 63, mother of Albert M. Kloppe, died Thursday, June 9th. Funeral services were held the following Saturday at the N. P. Swanson Chapel and the remains were then taken via auto to Wayne, Neb., for interment.

Mr. Robert Cusaden, 53, prominent Omaha musician and brother of our Scott Cusaden, passed away early Tuesday morning, June 14th, from cancer and other complications. He had been ill for several months. His life was dedicated to music from the

age of twelve. He had studied under famous masters in Germany, and was a violinist in the Berlin Philharmonic orchestra. He conducted a number of orchestras, especially at the Riviera Theatre for seventeen months and had the studio orchestra at radio station KOIL for over a year. A number of the deaf attended the funeral. Scott has the sincere sympathy of his host of friends. His brother never had a cross word for him. He has two other brothers, Fred A. in Chicago and Alex. in Los Angeles. The former came for the funeral. His mother, Dr. Gertrude Cusaden, is with a sister in Chillicothe, O.

The Fontenelle Literary Society held its annual picnic at Elmwood Park, Sunday afternoon, June 12th. Several non-members were guests. An indoor baseball game with two teams captained by Messrs. Oscar M. Treuke and George L. Revers was a feature. Mr. Revers' team won, 10 to 4. Other games were enjoyed and lemonade and ice-cream served by the committee was a treat.

Mrs. Lily M. Treuke entertained at a shower for Mrs. Anton J. Netusil, Saturday afternoon, May 21st. About a dozen friends of Mrs. Netusil were present. A delicious luncheon was served. Another shower was tendered Mrs. Raymond Anderson in Council Bluffs recently.

Mrs. Edmond Berney left May 26th for Chicago, to visit with relatives and friends and attend the silver jubilee of her former teacher, Miss Mary Garrity.

The local Frats gave a picnic on Saturday afternoon, June 25th, at the Nebraska School for the Deaf, jointly with the Nebraska Association of the Deaf. An indoor baseball game between two teams captained by Scott Cusaden and Owen Study proved a thriller. The latter's team lost, 13 to 14. Pop, lemonade and ice-cream were sold and family lunch baskets were plentiful. In the evening, a 14-reel feature movie picture, "Ben Hur" was shown, to which an admission of twenty-five cents was charged. James R. Jelinek won the door prize, five gallons of oil, and a hearing lady won second, an electric clock. Mr. and Mrs. Chowins, of Lincoln, and Glenn Cooper, of Hooper, were there, also Mr. and Mrs. Charles Clark, of Council Bluffs, and Miss Grace Payne, of Boone, Ia.

On the Fourth of July the Council Bluffs Frats held a picnic at the Iowa school, some 125 being present from various parts of Iowa. About two dozen from Omaha were included. Several games were played with the usual indoor baseball as a topnotcher. Ransom Arch's team won from Waldo Baldrige's 14 to 6, the losers treating the winners to ice-cream or pop.

On Sunday evening, June 12th, Mrs. George L. Revers was the guest of honor at a birthday party engineered by her husband, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Harry G. Long. Three tables were played at bridge, the prizes going to Mrs. Jelinek and Millard Bilger. Mrs. Revers received some pretty reminders of the occasion. Refreshments were served.

Mrs. Edith O'Brien is spending her vacation on the George Thomsen farm near Cedar Bluffs, Neb., and Mrs. Ota C. Blankenship is spending hers with friends and relatives in Elk City, Neb. Word comes from Chicago of the serious illness of Edwin M. Hazel. We hope for his speedy recovery.

Clarence E. Sewell is back in Omaha selling scouring pads and boasting a Buick sedan.

HAI AND MEL.

Connecticut

CHICAGO

With pomp and panoply they buried the first Chicago football fatality of 1932, July 2d—400 mourners jamming the Albany Park M. E. Church as four ordained ministers united to conduct services for "Red" of Roosevelt High School, James Frederick Meagher, Jr. Pallbearers in white trousers and blue coats—childhood pals when he lived across from the old Silent A. C., or backfield teammates at Roosevelt—"ran interference" for the dynamic little 15-year-old halfback as he crossed the Final Goal Line on his Last Touchdown!

Despite pages and pages devoted to the Democratic National convention, then in session a few miles away, local newspapers gave considerable publicity to the accident. The sports editor of the *Daily News*—himself the son of deaf parents (the Rev. Austin Ward Mann, who died about twenty-five years ago) in his signed editorial on the front sports page of July 1st, said:

DEATH OF "RED" MEAGHER MAY PROVE WORTHY WRITING

By Howard Mann, Sports Editor

"Red" Meagher, the fighting Irish mid of last season's Roosevelt High School freshman backfield, will be buried tomorrow from his home, 3135 Eastwood Avenue, and his football comrades will be his pallbearers. He died as a result of head injuries sustained in this spring's practice, and the coroner's jury came to this conclusion:

"We recommend that the Board of Education be instructed not to allow practice on the school teams unless players are properly protected with head armor."

Young Meagher was eager to make the lightweight team and he went into the spring scrimmages, although there wasn't enough equipment to go around. The injury to his head caused a tumor. Both of "Red's" parents are deaf-mutes and this is what they wrote for the jury at the inquest:

"We blame no one, but if his fate keeps other parents from going through what we have gone through his passing may be worth while."

"Red" was well-known and liked in silent circles. A cheerful, joking Irishman, he was styled the most polite and courteous kid of all. His last appearance in Deafdom was on the stage at the May 14th, Bazaar for the Home for Aged Deaf, when, with merry whistle and barefooted farmer-garb, he fished with a long pole as Mrs. Harrison Leiter sign-sung the poem beginning:—

"Blessings on thee, little man,
Barefoot boy with cheeks of tan."

Young Meagher, weighing 125-lbs., seemed a pigmy among giants in spring football practice at Roosevelt High. As there are some 4,000 students attending Roosevelt, that means the teams are larger and heavier than many college teams. He had made such an excellent record on the freshman squad, the coaches were glad to stick him in as a candidate for quarter, where his knack for spurring jaded gladiators and choosing the right play was marked. But when a 125-pounder gets kicked on the head by a thundering 180-lb. tackler he tries to block, something has to give unless the head is protected with a well-fitting helmet.

Several times since the spring practice, the lad took to bed with severe headaches. The final confinement came a few days after school closed—"Red" passing with a mark of 87, rather high for an athlete. As before, Dr. Julius Mandel and Dr. A. L. Williams could find nothing wrong with him. June 28th, he was removed to Ravenswood Hospital for laboratory tests. But, inside of twenty-four hours—before the tests were barely commenced—he suddenly died.

An autopsy confirmed their recent surmises. They found tumor filled with old blood-clots—proving the injury occurred weeks before.

Arrangements were made to hold the funeral in the huge Meagher apartment—often spoken of as a "private clubhouse," where "Red" enjoyed his pool table, indoor golf-links, and hundreds of dollars worth of toys. But when flocks of friends began to overflow the premises, the services were hastily transferred to "Red's" own church, just around the corner.

It seemed that nearly half the leading lights of Deafdom were present when the Rev. Philip J. Hasenstab—who baptized the lad years before—opened with prayer. This was interpreted by his daughter, the Rev. Mrs. Constance Elmes, who has the sweet, soothing voice of a trained orator.

The afternoon sunlight streamed through huge stained-glass windows as Mrs. Washington Barrow—wife of the "Grand Old Man"—and a schoolmate of Mrs. Meagher's—sign-sung "Nearer, My God, to Thee." The Rev. Henry Rutherford read the 23d psalm. The dead boy's pastor, Rev. John M. Schneider, read the Psalm beginning:

"In my Father's house are many mansions." The Rev. Hasenstab read his burial sermon, assisted by his daughter, Constance—the same two who conducted services for the immortal Francis P. Gibson.

The Rev. Schneider then tendered touching tributes—displaying a large group-picture of his 1930 graduating Sunday School class, he stated Jimmie was the second to pass away. Captain of his Sunday School baseball team, star of the church basketball five, one of the smartest biblical scholars he had.

"It is not how long we live; it is how well. Little Jimmie had done more good, and exercised more influence, in his fifteen years than most of us have in 30 to 40." Related his ambition to make the freshman eleven last fall, though next to the smallest

out of some sixty candidates. Told how Jimmie feared he would be dropped without even a chance to show his wares. "One day Jimmie burst into the flat and faced his mother with face aflame, like a Galahad who has found the Holy Grail. On his childish little hands he conveyed the glad but silent tidings of great joy. Mother, I made the squad. I made the squad! Me! Oh, I made the squad! I prayed God and I prayed God, and I made the squad!"

Miss Cora Jacoba closed the services with the sign-sung:—

"Asleep in Jesus; blessed sleep,
From which none ever wake to weep!"

The organist from one of Chicago's greatest Polish cathedrals, secured by "Red's" uncle—Carl Bauman, vice-president of the Musicians' Union—rendered "Lead, Kindly Light," and "Nearer My God to Thee," as the 400 in attendance slowly paraded single-file down one aisle, past the opened pink and white silk casket, and up the other aisle. The pallbearers came last. Three of them were Roman Catholics, another was a Jew. The dead lad was not narrow-minded in selection of loved comrades.

The casket was closed at 3:28—two minutes short of an hour after the service began.

Fully two dozen carloads—a record for silent funerals here—made up the cortege to Forest Home Cemetery. He was buried next to his mother's mother—the Reverends Hasenstab and Elmes making the final obsequies brief. The big bell at the entrance tolled a solemn dirge, which fell on unheeding ears. For little "Red" was now forever deaf to every sound.

While there were sixteen set-pieces sent by friends, the boy's parents made known the fact they felt it was, perhaps, not the wisest thing to waste funds on flowers, preferring the money be used, instead (as a Memorial in his name), for the Home for Aged Deaf. Fully \$5 has resulted thereby, with probably more to come.

Among countless sympathetic messages from afar were telegrams from Edwin Allan Hodgson, of New York; Muriel Bishop, of Atlanta; Regina Harvat, of Denver; and Troy Hill, of Dallas, Texas—all writers for the deaf press.

The lad's father played football for sixteen years, either as player or coach, and was seriously injured only twice. Yet little "Red," apparently tougher than his dad, gets killed in his first season on the gridiron.

Mr. Meagher's mother and brother came up from Kentucky to attend the funeral.

Mrs. Walter Whitson and son, of Rockford, who took Mrs. Meagher and "Red" in their car to the 1926 N. A. D. convention in Washington, had planned to take the two on a vacation trip the morning he died. Their car, all equipped for the tour, was instead pressed into service for different purposes.

Four generations of the Brashars attended the funeral. Grandma Jane Brashar, aged 89—whose late husband drove an ox-train to Denver in 1848, a year before the California gold-rush; her daughter, Fanny Meinken; Fanny's son, Edwin—badly wounded in the World War; and Edwin's little Phyllis, aged 4.

The boy's father annually selects the year's "Outstanding Frat Parent," based on the performance by sons and daughters of members of the National Fraternal Society of the Deaf, in his "Spotlight" column of *The Frat*. It is now he had hoped to some day, himself, qualify for the honor.

Unlike most only children, young Meagher did not seem a bit "spoiled." His qualities were as nearly perfect as any child could claim. He was devoted to his parents, cheerful, witty, level-headed and popular. At birth, he had first been named "Nadric," coined from the letters NAD—the society both parents took great interest in—and the last letters of Frederic. The only other child of the deaf known to have borne the letters NAD was the 3-year-old Nadine, of Omaha, who drowned last October 23d—birthday of Meagher, Sr.

Just a week before the funeral—while little "Nadric" was slowly sinking, though none suspected it—the big Meagher menage was jammed with happy friends, flocking to "shower" Mrs. Ralph Miller in anticipation of life's great event. Ever and anon one or more of the group would breeze into the sick-room and speak to the dying tyke, who would respond with cheerful smile and a typical attempt at Irish witicism. He never complained. Just a week later, to the day, they all flocked back to see him—still smiling—sleeping unconcerningly forever.

When "Red" died, his father "slipped-in" LeRoy J. Davis, Gallaudet, 17, as sub. on the *Herald and Examiner*. The day of "Red's" funeral, Davis' own father died in San Antonio, Texas. As subbing has been poor on local papers, Davis had no funds to run down to Texas for the funeral.

Delavan, Wis., was the most popular objective of Chicago week-end pleasure-seekers over the July 4th period. The register at the Nineteenth Triennial Convention of the Wisconsin Association of the Deaf recorded the names of fifty-three Windy City-zens. Sunday saw most of them coming in, wet and blue, because it rained all day. Oh, that rain god, the social tip-setter!

The conventioners gathered, some 300 of them, at the Dance Pavilion of the Lake Lawn Hotel, located on the immense area of grass-covered hillsides on the banks of Lake Delavan. The drizzle, the wind, fog was blowing in, casting gloom within the pavilion, so that it was almost like a coop, wherein perched the flocks of chickens, crowding glumly and silent. For all that, everybody went sturdily ahead as if nothing had occurred, until in the evening, when the program was given in the gym of the Wisconsin School for the Deaf.

There was a tug-of-war, in which the Illinoisans were outpulled by the Wisconsin boys. On the other hand, a Chicago couple copped first prize for the best dancing performance.

This pair was no other than Miss Caroline Hyman, Gallaudet 1932 entrant, and John B. Davis, a 1930 entrant to the same college. A good duet they made, drawn together by the prospect of the coming college days.

Monday, the 4th, the final business session was held, with the selection of the next convention city and election of officers, taking place at 9 A.M. The names of the officers will appear in the next issue.

The local organization for the deaf presented a bronze tablet to the State school at the convention. The tablet reads as follows: The Wisconsin Association of the Deaf, Organized June 6th, 1876; Incorporated May 6th, 1899; Golden Jubilee, June 1926.

The tablet was designed by E. R. Maertz, of Milwaukee, a former student of the school. The granite stone was presented by Tracy Jones. Percy Goff and Andrew Schramski had charge of placing the marker.

Miss Martha Norma Lange and Forrest Billings Kelley were united in marriage at a simple wedding ceremony performed in the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Lange, at Delavan, Wis., with the Rev. Philip Hasenstab, of Chicago, officiating, Tuesday evening, at 8 P.M. The groom is the son of Mrs. Marian Kelley.

The bride was attended by her sister, Anna May, and Walter Kelsey, brother of the groom, acted as best man. The ceremony was witnessed by the immediate families of both parties. A buffet luncheon followed the ceremony.

Mr. and Mrs. Kelsey are both graduates of the local high school, and attended the University of Wisconsin. Mrs. Kelsey recently returned from Rome, N. Y., where she has been teaching in the State deaf school.

The couple will reside on a farm near Lake Delavan after spending their honeymoon out-of-town. Walter Hodgson is entering into a state of widowhood of the grass variety. His better half has skipped off to St. Louis, and then to the farm of her parents in the southern part of Missouri—in close proximity to Oklahoma.

Three couples made up a surprise party for Mr. and Mrs. Joe Borowick, in honor of the first anniversary of their marriage, at their home, June 1st. Fifteen persons were invited, and were treated to sandwiches, soda, fruit, ice-cream, and a huge cake. They played bridge, and enjoyed themselves on the whole.

Among visitors to the Democratic Convention was a Texas newspaper editor, Al. Hill, hearing brother of the famous Troy Hill. Al. dropped in on the *Herald & Examiner* plant late one night, where he met J. Frederick Meagher at work. Asked, confidentially, if Troy really stands any show of landing the legislative post, Al. stated: "From what I hear, yes, Al. who is himself running for the legislature from another city, was out booming for Garner for president."

Soon after this appears in print, Fay Kemp, wife of the Grand Secretary-Treasurer of the Fraters, expects to be around again. She has been laid up since June 13th, with a splintered leg-bone, sustained in a fall. Instead of using crutches to get around the house, Fay places the knee of her busted leg on an old kitchen chair, which has been equipped with ball-bearing casters, and rolls round the house in comfort and safety.

The mother of Grand Secretary Charles Kemp died, at the age of eighty-six, June 6th, at Skaneateles, N. Y. Edwin Hazel, the parliamentarian, is reported to be on the mend at the Fredo Hyman cottage at Cedar Lake, Ind. He has had trouble with his stomach.

Mrs. Ben Ursin, president of the local chapter of the State Association of the Deaf, went to Elm Tree Grove the other day, to make final arrangements for the annual Home picnic, which will be held on Labor Day. Inspecting the premises, she came to the ball-throwing concession—"pop the dolls, three throws for five cents."

Every day a death in the house placed there by the deaf last September—"Roberts," "Newman," etc. Only the "Kemp" label was disfigured or damaged. Asking if the concession had been used since our last picnic, the grove owner seemed surprised. "Why, certainly; we use the outfit regularly." He grinned when Mrs. Ursin informed him the deaf had christened the dolls.

A three-day card tournament was well attended by a number of the

deaf at the Catholic deaf club house, Saturday to Monday, July 2d to 4th, except Sunday, on which date it was raining all day.

Fred Stephens' daughter, Esther, has gone to New York with three other girls, to visit Niagara Falls and other cities while on their one-week vacation. They will be back this week.

Ed. Miner was called back to Chicago from Wisconsin by a telegram, announcing an operation was performed on his daughter, Mrs. Woodville Turner.

Mrs. F. Meinken carries her right hand in a bandage. It was caught in an electric washing machine and crushed. THIRD FLAT. 3348 W. Harrison St.

NEW YORK

News items for this column should be sent direct to the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Station M, New York.

A few words of information in a letter or postal card is sufficient. We will do the rest.

The birthday of the Nation was royally celebrated by Mr. Sylvester J. Fogarty, assisted by his sister and brother-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Fitzpatrick; his brother, Tom, and his nephew, at their home, "Locust Lawn Farm," Kissena Boulevard, Flushing, L. I. Mr. Fogarty entertained Mr. Harry P. Kane and Mr. Alex. L. Pach as his guests over the holiday. The two last named made the journey on their bicycles in the middle nineties, and have been, all these years, trying to repeat their visit. President Ryan, of the New York Board of Education was also to have been a guest of the hospitable owners of "Locust Lawn Farm," but he was unfortunately detained.

New York City has five Divisions of the National Fraternal Society, if you include the Westchester Division, and as if this wasn't enough, another Division has been organized, but has not yet obtained its charter. This Division is located in the Bronx, and is to be called the Fordham Division.

It will take members from the Manhattan and Bronx Divisions, and a protest has been sent to headquarters against the creating of this additional Division in the Bronx, the protest being filed by the Manhattan and Bronx Divisions.

Of late, when either of these two Divisions—Manhattan and Bronx—hold public entertainments, they seldom come out, and with an additional Division in their midst, they say things will be even worse.

And we learn that in the event the home office grants a charter to the contemplated new Division, a group of Coney Islanders will attempt to form another Division at Coney Island. The only borough in Greater New York that has no Division as yet is Richmond, but few deaf-mutes live there.

The insurance companies in which the Deaf-Mutes' Union League was insured have finally accepted the claim of the League satisfactorily.

By the way, they are speeding up in rebuilding the burned-out quarters at No. 143 West 125th Street, and may be ready in about six weeks from now. No meetings will be held until they are again established in their old quarters.

The committee having charge of the excursion to the Hudson River to Hook Mountain on Sunday, August 7th has already sold many tickets. As the limit is 500, the capacity of the steamer, now is the time to secure tickets. After the 500 have been disposed, those who delay till the last moment will be disappointed.

Mrs. Joseph L. Call had as her guest her sister, the charming Gertrude Davey, of Providence, R. I., over the holiday, and enjoyed a Feltman repast at Coney Island with her sister and brother-in-law, Miss Alice Studt, Miss Della Kittleson, and Messrs. A. L. Pach and H. P. Kane. The evening was spent with Mr. and Mrs. Ben Baca at Sheephead Bay.

Mr. and Mrs. Geffers and Miss Susan Campbell were in New York City for a Sunday excursion last June 18th. Mr. Geffers knows the city so well that they enjoyed sightseeing very much, and they thought New York City was a fine place to visit.

Led by Mr. Williamson, as chairman of the Outing Committee of the Men's Club of St. Ann's Church, about twenty-five went to "Playland" last Sunday afternoon. About fifty deaf persons were among the vast throng at this beautiful pleasure resort at Rye, N. Y.

The salty tang of lobsters, clams, and other seafood was relished by Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Renner and son, Bobbie, during their "few days" stay at Highlands, N. J., last week. They also enjoyed swimming in the Shrewsbury River, as well as in the ocean; riding in a speedboat, and a motor trip to Fort Hancock. They returned Sunday afternoon on the fast, new steamer "Sandy Hook."

Mr. and Mrs. Reiff, of Brooklyn, spent a few days at Asbury Park, N. J., last week, and incidentally visited Spring Lake.

On Sunday, June 12th, Herman Dorfman, the eight-year-old son of Mrs. Ethel Dorfman, was struck by a truck at Heath Avenue and Kingsbridge Road, the Bronx. His left leg was seriously fractured, and he was taken to Fordham Hospital, where he will remain for about two months.

An eight-pound girl baby came to gladden the home of Mr. and Mrs. Sam Hausman on Thursday, July 7th, at the Fordham Hospital. Mother and daughter are progressing nicely.

The Columbia Television broadcast season was closed on June 30th, with Mrs. Agnes C. Brown and Mrs. Ben Baca officiating and assisting the Director of Deaf department education.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Frankenheim spent the first week of the month in Asbury Park, N. J. Mr. and Mrs. Ebin and Mrs. Agnes Browne were also down there over Sunday.

Louis Mankoff, who eight months ago left New York for Texas, where he intended to make his future home, is back in our midst. He found out that there is no place like New York. Before returning, he made a trip to Mexico City, Mexico, and there was able to witness two bull fights.

Max Mandel, one of the associate members of the Deaf-Mutes' Union League, who is summing on Long Island, not being a subscriber to the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, had not heard that the Deaf-Mutes' Union League rounds had been burnt out.

"Dummy" Thomas arrived in the city from California, July 3d. He no longer engages in boxing contests, as he is forty now. When he was in his prime he used to find plenty of opponents in the preliminary events in boxing contests in this city.

Mrs. Annie Armuth, the mother of Jack Armuth, passed away on May 27th. Septic poisoning was the cause. She was sixty-four years old at the time of death.

Coming by motor from the sunny South to New York, were Mr. and Mrs. Kessler, of Knoxville, Tenn.; Mrs. Jessie Warren, of Nashville, Tenn., and Floyd Carr, of Knoxville. They will visit other cities on their way to Chicago.

The Hebrew Association of the Deaf will hold memorial services in honor of the late Dr. A. Felix Nash, at the Temple Israel, 210 West 91st Street, on Friday evening, July 15th, at 8:30 P.M.

Mrs. Joseph Worzel and baby are now enjoying the fine climate at Seymour, Ct. Joseph remains behind to show up nightly at his place of business.

Robert Fischel, who, owing to the depression, has for a long time been out of a job, is now in Catskills for a vacation, and writes he is having a fine time.

Mrs. William Krieger, who was struck by an auto a fortnight ago and taken to a hospital, has improved under the care of skilled doctors and nurses, and is now back at her home.

Mrs. Bertha Zwicker, of Brooklyn, is staying with Louis Hagan for her two weeks' vacation, and is having a nice time there.

Barney Kindel was the painter who lettered the Lockheed airplane, "Century of Progress," before it started from Floyd Bennett Airport on its flight around the world.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Goldfogel are at Thousand Islands for about two months, and before they return home they will visit Canada for a few days.

Mr. Merten Moses spent two enjoyable days at the home of his niece, Mrs. Vicker, in New Jersey last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Armuth are spending a two-week vacation at Spring Lake, N. J.

Milton Cassell writes from Cleveland, O., that he has got there safely, and likes the city very much.

Miss Alice J. McVan has been entertaining her sisters from Buffalo.

Miss Ethel Koblenz is spending her vacation in Akron, O.

He Would Not Deceive the Public

A man trying to qualify for the job of conductor on a street car, says the *Boston Transcript*.

"Now," said the examiner, "imagine you are in charge of a car going up a steep incline. Suddenly the driver signals to you that he has lost control, and you find the car going backward down the incline. You are gaining speed every second. Tell me what is the very first thing you would do?"

The candidate thought for a moment, then his face brightened as he replied, "Why, of course I'd change the destination boards first of all."

Subscribe for the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL—\$2.00 a year.

Baltimore, Md.

The following is clipped from the Baltimore Evening Sun, of June 28th:—

"DUMMY" KETCHELL IS KILLED BY TRAIN
John J. Kuhn, Jr., 42, known as Dummy Ketchell in the boxing ring ten years ago, where he was defeated by punches on his ears, was killed by a train which struck him yesterday at 8 A.M., while he was walking on the tracks of the Pennsylvania railroad about 250 feet south of Calverton road.

His affairs were brought to public attention last January, when he appealed to the City Service Commission to make his temporary work with the Bureau of Highways a permanent job. His appeal was denied, because his physical disability made work on the city streets unsafe for him. It was while walking from the building where he was temporarily employed—the Highways Department's Franklin Street yards—that he was killed.

He had reported for work and was told that operations had been suspended because of the heavy rains. Returning home, he was struck by the Buffalo night express, bound for Washington.

Kuhn was taken to the Franklin Square Hospital, where he was pronounced dead of multiple injuries.

Kuhn's boxing career was brought to an end a few years ago when he was injured in a street-car accident.

He is survived by his wife, Mrs. Marie Kuhn, and four children, John, Joseph, Francis and Mary.

To our knowledge Kuhn was not stone deaf, hence we fail to understand why he did not hear or feel the approach of the train. The accident is a serious blow to other deaf persons seeking jobs as laborers with the city. A short time ago the City Service Commission fired Kuhn for no other reason than to prevent his getting on the pension list, but strong political friends helped him get his job back on the condition mentioned above.

Another deaf man to feel the unjust attitude of the City Service Commission is Mr. Frank Layden, a laborer, about fifty years old. Layden has been on the city pay roll over ten years and has paid his weekly assessment towards the pension fund. A short time ago the Commission returned his total assessment with the information that his deafness debarred him from the pension list. To argue with the Commission at this time would only bring out Kuhn's fatal accident and their "I told you so."

Miss Mabel Sauvage, sister of Mrs. August P. Herdtfelder, is spending the summer in this city as the guest of the Herdtfelders. Miss Mabel, a winsome little day, hails from South Dakota, where she teaches the three R's in a rural school.

In my last JOURNAL letter I plump forgot to mention the Dinner tendered the State Survey Committee by Mr. Bjorlee, superintendent of the Maryland School for the Deaf. The dinner (we prefer to call it a royal banquet) was given during the last week of May, in recognition of the splendid work done by the State Survey Committee.

About thirty were present, including wives and husbands of the Committee and a few other guests. Mr. and Mrs. Bjorlee proved themselves splendid host and hostess. The menu served was a real royal treat. In the evening the visitors were entertained in the new gymnasium with a demonstration of Scout work and stunts by the three troops of the school, under the direction of Scoutmaster James McVernon.

Last week Mr. Roland Stultz was suddenly taken sick with appendicitis. The operation proved successful and he is now on the road to recovery. Since January there has been quite a large number on the sick and accident list in this city. Most of them are Frats and you can bet your last dollar they consider themselves fortunate to belong to the great N. F. S. D.

Mr. and Mrs. S. R. McColl are now back to Baltimore after a week's visit to New York City. En route home they visited Atlantic City and Philadelphia. The McColls are now comfortably settled in an apartment at 3226 Dudley Avenue.

The Eastern Wooden Box Co., of this city, went out of business shortly before Christmas. Mr. Adolf Bomhoff was with the company sixteen years and when they closed out he found it pretty hard trying to secure any kind of work. Since April he has been working as all-around repairman at the Fresh Air Farm for Children at Annapolis Junction.

The annual picnic of Baltimore Division, No. 47, scheduled for the latter part of August, has been cancelled. Instead the Division will hold a picnic in Herring Run Park on Labor Day. Details will be given out later.

On June 25th, a Surprise Social was held at Christ M. E. Church. A fair-sized crowd was present. Proceeds of the social went to the Ely Memorial Curtain Fund. Mr. Abe Omansky was in charge of this affair and reported a profit of eight dollars for the fund.

In the JOURNAL, issue of July 7th, there appeared a clipping from the Philadelphia Record, bearing the caption of "Deaf-Mute Mother Mourns Baby Husband Stole." The mother referred to is Mrs. Dennis O'Shea (nee Rachel King), formerly of West Virginia, now residing in Baltimore. We

will only say fair to enlighten the readers on the events that followed. Mr. O'Shea, out of work a long time and despondent, took his baby with him to California, hoping to get a job there. His wife was left in Philadelphia and was not told he would go so far. When he learned the police were searching for him he immediately got in touch with the police and told them he was returning to his wife. No charge was made against him and he was allowed to leave. The Baltimore

Welfare Society helped him secure a job as baker at Johns Hopkins Hospital and he is now residing in this city with his wife and baby.

THE WRITERS.

St. Louis

The Union Avenue Christian Church Silent Bereans will have their annual outing at Forest Park Picnic Ground No., Sunday, July 17th. The reason we have it at Forest Park is because it is the best recreation place, and the zoo is only a short distance from the picnic ground. It will be engineered by the younger generation, so be prepared to be out to meet your friends. Take the Market Street car to the Park. You will not get lost in finding No. 1.

The St. Thomas Episcopal Mission will have an outing July 24th, at Jones Park in East St. Louis, Ill. It is a beautiful park, and has a swimming pool. If you want to have a dive, bring your bathing toys. To get there take the State Street car to 25th Street, and then transfer to the bus to the park.

The Frats relief chairman, Fred R. Drum, is drumming around that he made a good gathering at Mr. and Mrs. James Chenery's, July 9th, with a card and bunco party. The lunch counter was well patronized. The proceedings go to help the Frats who are behind with their dues.

July 4th, a lawn party was given at Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Brockman's, 1950 D'Amato Court, in Jennings, for the Home Fund, which was well patronized.

Mr. and Mrs. Milton Bueltemann, of Chicago, were in town for the Fourth. Mr. Bueltemann had to return to Chicago, as his holidays were up. His wife will remain in Missouri for some time, visiting her relatives.

Many of the deaf took advantage of the July 4th holidays by using the highways or steam cars or boats to get out of the city's sulky air. All returned well refreshed, and had lots to say about their trips.

Mr. and Mrs. Carl Smith's oldest daughter is camping somewhere in the Ozarks with the Girl Scouts. She is having the time of her life with her friends.

Mr. Arthur Campbell, a son of deaf parents, took advantage of a pleasant trip to Little Rock, Ark., recently. He said the trip and sightseeing was worth the money spent.

The Gallaudet Club's picnic will be some time in August with for the date and place. REXY.

New Hampshire

Miss Blume Cohen had a very enjoyable visit in Canada, at the house of her sister and brother-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. David Tatarinsky, during the holidays. Mr. Tatarinsky is a Canadian Government postal clerk, and very popular among the Jewish deaf in Montreal. His wife, Minnie Cohen, being a graduate of the American School for the Deaf at Hartford, Ct., is well liked by the deaf, and is considered a very charming young woman. The couple has a bright hearing son of six years.

Mr. Edwin Benedict, of New York, came to Manchester, N. H., Sunday, July 3d, and stayed at the pretty home of the Misses Blume and Rhoda Cohen for a pleasant visit. He left for New York Tuesday night, July 6th. He thought Manchester, compared with Valley Stream, L. I., much prettier in many respects.

Miss Bertha Saragane is in Notre Dame Hospital pending an operation on her nose. She is doing nicely, and has callers daily. She expects to be out of the hospital in a couple of days.

Mr. Szopa, of Hartford, Ct., spent the holidays in Manchester, his old home town.

Rock Valley, Ia

For the past four years Mr. and Mrs. Coffman have held a picnic here for the deaf. Proceeds from the sale of pop, etc., are given to the Iowa Foundation Fund, South Dakota Association, and Building Fund of the Omaha, Neb., deaf Lutheran Church.

This year the picnic will be held August 7th, in Oak Grove, State Park, four miles north and two miles east of Hawarden, Ia. (See Standard Oil Co. Iowa road map.) All proceeds will go to the Iowa Foundation Fund. This will be by far the biggest picnic held in this State or the surrounding States this year. All deaf are welcome—and invited.

Last year 128 deaf attended and more than 1000 hearing people came to watch the fun and patronize our stand. We would like more this year—particularly eastern and western deaf who may be visiting or touring in this part of the country.

All visitors should bring lunch enough for two meals. Games for all.

For additional information write to H. Coffman, Rock Valley, Iowa.

Pacific Northwest Services

EPISCOPAL

"Bouncing Betty's" Grand Trek

By Andy Mack

(Twenty-third Installment)

When we went back to "Bouncing Betty" we were confronted by a fairly besmeared-with-chalk body, and on one side even noticed a little girl industriously writing her name in chalk. There were Marys, Peggys, Elizabeths, Ednas, and many other names plastered in every space not previously occupied. Looking in our open toolbox we missed our own chalk, and quickly surmised that while we had been dining the girls had taken our own chalk and written their names on the body.

Not knowing whether to be angry or to be thankful that they had made the car all the more conspicuous, we kept silent, except to ask which were the guilty girls. "Bouncing Betty" almost received a new coat of paint this time, except that chalk is not permanent.

Going back to Trenton we crossed the Delaware River and continued on U. S. Highway 1 toward Philadelphia. Meeting no trouble, we were happy and carefree, thinking of the next few days when our trip would be a matter of history, and of the classroom routine.

Roosevelt Boulevard leading to Philadelphia is a very wide road and traffic is fast moving. Trees line the road, but many are still too small to do much in the way of affording shade. North Philadelphia houses the large mail-order firm of Sears, Roebuck & Company in a building that looks much like a medieval castle, except that it is not perched on a crag.

Philadelphia, city of brotherly love, seemed to be only another city with a mass of traffic. Motorists endeavored to get to their destinations, and without a traffic policeman to watch them, seemed to take the law in their own hands, each man for himself.

Roosevelt Boulevard merges into Hunting Park Avenue, and at the crossing of Germantown Avenue we turned up and motored to Mt. Airy Institution.

Fall football practice was in full swing when we arrived there. Parking "Bouncing Betty" near the office, we set off in search of some friends. It wasn't long before some of the boys saw us and soon were surrounding the old car to investigate its contents. We roamed all over the buildings, and after football practice, had the opportunity of going through the spacious new gymnasium, when Mr. Harlow, the physical director, kindly gave us the keys and the run of the building. We met Gerald Adler, Gallaudet '35, who lives near Philadelphia. We agreed to give him a ride downtown if he cared to go with us.

As we were talking, some of the boys, evidently noticing the chalk work of the New Jersey girls, felt jealous, because when we came back to the car we found it plastered tenfold more with chalked illustrations and words. The radiator sported the symbol P. I. D., and even the top had one a yard in diameter. It was useless to remonstrate, because the boys kept silent as to who were the culprits.

Upon leaving Mt. Airy we headed in the direction of North Eighteenth Street to the home of Rev. Edward F. Kaercher, Gallaudet '26. Unfortunately he was not at home and thus we missed seeing him. With Adler along with us, we proceeded down Broad Street until we reached the City Hall. There dense traffic and the coming of complete darkness made us feel a little uncomfortable because of the very weak lights, that flickered and brightened, depending upon the speed of the generator.

Turning around the corner of the Board Street Railroad Station into Market Street, we started to watch the streets for two things: parking space and places to buy some clothing at a low price. A block from the station I committed an error. I went through a red-light without seeing it, and as the boys sitting beside me were discussing the incident, went on to the next block, going through the second red-light before I was aware of it. The second light had a policeman standing near it.

How he missed seeing our infraction of the law has never been explained. Perhaps he saw our old car, but the condition of the vehicle probably told him that it wasn't worth much anyway and, since traffic was very heavy at that time, let us go. Going through one light is bad enough any day, but going through a second is an unpardonable offense if you are caught by the law. A block from the last light we found parking space and left "Bouncing Betty" there, while Adler took the trolley for home and we went shopping along Market Street.

Philadelphia has low prices when the cost of clothing is compared with Washington prices. Numerous firms were displaying "bankrupt" or "going out of business" signs, the usual stratagem of the trade of fooling the public. Ties were very cheap, and as for handkerchiefs, the laundry charges two cents each for washing them, and new ones were being sold at three cents each at one store.

Upon completing our shopping we discovered we had overstayed the one hour parking period, but hoped that we had received no tag. When we got back to "Bouncing Betty" we found more trouble confronting us. Some one had moved her back to make room for another car in front and now there was not a foot of room in the front and rear with which to move her out and traffic was very heavy.

Both the cars in front and rear of us were locked with brakes set, so that we could not move them. However, a plain-clothes man, perhaps a policeman, we did not inquire nor find out who he was, seeming to have some authority, saw our difficulty. We tried to jack one wheel up and give a push and force her to fall off the jack away from the curb without succeeding. Finally the man succeeded in moving the car in back of us and we managed to get out and into the line of traffic. We thanked the man and headed down Market Street toward the Chester Pike.

When we crossed the bridge at the Schuylkill River we saw many torches burning, to show where repair work was being done. A detour ended in a blind end and we had to turn back, where "Bouncing Betty" stalled on the Chester trolley car tracks, as we asked the policeman the right way to Woodlawn Avenue. Our lights were very poor, but the policeman only smiled and said that "Fords were Fords anyway," as the trolley car motorman tooted his whistle for us to get out of his way.

Knowing the road fairly well, we had nothing to fear from going off on the wrong road, so we proceeded to add miles by going at a steady pace, through Chester and on toward Wilmington, Delaware.

On the other side of Wilmington, at the top of a hill, we saw some billboards and on the other side of the billboards a suitable camp site for the night. Turning "Bouncing Betty" around, so that we could push her in the morning, in event we were not able to start her, we started to camp for the last night out. We quickly found that there was a large outdoor dance hall a hundred yards away, but it was dark on this night. Signs proclaimed "parking twenty-five cents" and here we were both parked and ready for a night's repose, free of charge.

Wilmington is about 105 miles from Washington, and next morning we were up early and traveling again, but in no hurry to reach Washington.

A few more hours and then our grand trek would be over. School started in three days, and we were going back to the books, to leave spark plugs, tires, tubes, and radiator troubles for another year.

At Perryville, Maryland, the Susquehanna River empties into the Chesapeake Bay and a long, double-deck bridge crosses the bay to Havre de Grace, where a horse race track is located. That bridge never fails to make an impression when you go over it, no matter how many times you do so. A long double bridge across a wide expanse of blue water on a clear sunny day brings back to mind the days spent in the old swimming hole, where the soft mud was so soothing and cooling.

Aberdeen, Maryland, houses the United States Army proving grounds where all ordinance is tested by government experts.

Baltimore was entered by Philadelphia Pike and in no time we were going down Fayette Street. Turning up Calvert Street, we went up the Washington Monument. Half a block away we stopped to hunt for an old friend of mine, my landlord, when I lived in Baltimore during part of the summer of my first year in college. We found the good old Englishman in his shirtsleeves, still doing business, renting rooms. We talked of the prohibition law and its laxness in Baltimore. He only smiled and said that before the eighteenth Amendment Baltimore brewed beer had been famous.

Down Baltimore Street we went through Carroll Park to Columbia Road, on the last lap before reaching Kendall Green. This was Sunday, but the road was full of vehicles going to Washington. On one side of Carroll Park, near Columbia Road, stands the huge white building of Montgomery Ward & Co., a mail order firm.

A few miles from the limits of Baltimore we started on what might be classed as the best built highway in the United States. A road of concrete, four lanes wide, as straight and smooth as it is humanly consistent to build it, stretched before our eyes. This ribbon of concrete stretched all the way to Washington, nearly forty miles away. While yet early in the morning the sky threatened rain and we had to put up our side curtains again. Were we going to end our trip in a deluge to purify us of our misdeeds, or was it to cleanse the chalk-smear body of "Bouncing Betty"?

Half-way to Washington our American flag was still rustling in the breeze in front of the radiator, where it had been almost ever since we left Omaha, Nebraska. With the journey's end in sight the flag rustled too proudly and snapped off, falling along the roadside. A few minutes after the mishap we discovered our loss and immediately retraced our

steps, but despite a very careful search we were unable to find the flag.

About this time we deemed it best to halt and get the remnants of the lunch Bill's mother had arranged for us four days before. The cake was still good and the rest of the food was in excellent condition, but there was too much. Noticing a colored boy walking along the road toward us, we asked him if he cared for something to eat—cake, hard-boiled eggs, sandwiches and something else. The boy very gratefully accepted all we gave him, stuffing part of it in his pockets.

By the time we reached Beltsville the clouds had disappeared for a moment, and as we were jubilant for nice weather, rain started to fall. When we arrived at Hyattsville, the hand-operated windshield wiper was working overtime. Bill was driving and, despite the wide road, the rain bothered us, the slant of the falling water driving some of it into the front seat. Just as mysteriously as it started, the rain stopped when we reached Mt. Olivet Cemetery, a scant mile from Kendall Green.

Bladensburg Road again, then up Florida Avenue past the firehouse. We saw the imposing edifice of Fowler Hall standing out as usual. The Eighth Street entrance to Kendall Green loomed in front of us and a familiar figure stood near the gate. Attired in his Sunday best and a straw hat on his head, with the faithful old cudgel that has seen service for more than a hundred years, a big broad smile on his face and a startled look in his eyes, Douglas Craig, M.M., stared at us as if we were ghosts restored to life. When Bill waved his arm and started to laugh, Old Doug awoke from his trance and came to the curb quickly to welcome us back to Kendall Green.

"Been to California? Where is your sister?" asked Craig. After satisfying his curiosity, we drove in the Eighth Street entrance and parked the old car behind the Chapel. Some of the football boys were already there. We lost no time getting a bath and attiring ourselves in clean linen, and then we had to get down to details about our trip.

We completed our trip at ten-thirty o'clock in the morning. The next day was Monday and football practice was well under way, and "Bouncing Betty" was idle all day.

On Tuesday the *Evening Star* wanted a picture of our faithful chariot, and with Bilbo Monaghan pulling us fifty yards with his Dodge, finally got "Bouncing Betty" started again. After having our picture taken for the *Evening Star*, "Bouncing Betty" simply refused to function well. She sputtered, misfired and backfired in a bad way. Something was wrong with her, but we did not have the time, nor the willingness to determine the cause.

The same night was "Bouncing Betty's" last night out. Still running in an unruly fashion, she put fifteen or twenty more miles behind her on a joy ride. By the time she rolled on Kendall Green again the hour was a very late one and her battery was completely exhausted, 100% dead, because she came to rest behind the Chapel without lights, having run the last few miles on well lighted streets in that condition. Tomorrow would be Wednesday and the college year would begin.

"Bouncing Betty's" period of usefulness for us had ended. We were through with her. No longer would we be subjected to her whims and fanatical fancies, running well when she felt like it, and refusing to go at all when we needed her help most. Not yet junk, she still had plenty of mileage left in her, but her temper took a very patient person to deal with her in the right way. It was of no use to talk back to her or to treat her roughly, she only responded to the best treatment.

In going over our journal, which served both as a diary, daybook and journal, many things are found that proved that as a means for economical transportation, "Bouncing Betty" well fulfilled her purpose.

It cost us less to travel East-bound than West-bound, but exactly why this proved to be the case we are unable to say, except that "Bouncing Betty" functioned better on the trip East-bound. During the whole 8,580-mile trip, we did not consume more than five gallons of good motor oil, including crank case servicing in Washington, Denver, San Pedro and Tulsa. Gasoline mileage was nothing short from remarkable. West-bound we started using the cheapest gasoline obtainable until we reached Central Kansas, when the excess carbon caused overheating and forced us to see the errors to be found in cheap fuel. West-bound to California from Washington, D. C., a distance of 4,000 miles, we used 215 gallons of gasoline costing us \$51.35, an average of 14 cents per gallon, with an average mileage of 18.7 miles to every gallon. On the West-bound trip we covered 4,580 miles on 179 gallons of gasoline costing us \$20.17, from which we got an average of better than 25.5 miles per gallon of fuel, costing an average of a little more than 11 cents per gallon.

Taking the whole trip, we find that we spent \$51.52 for 392 gallons of gasoline, which gave us an average of more than 21 miles per gallon for the whole 8,580 miles trip. Going further yet, the cost of the whole trip for the entire time we were off Kendall Green, from June 11th to September 20th, over three months, including every expense that benefited both of us boys, except private incidentals, amusements, stamps, writing paper and other things, but including the original cost of "Bouncing Betty," four new tires and tubes, all of our food supply, gasoline and oil bill and all the extras for the entire trip only cost us \$144.48. We had started from Kendall Green with \$50 in cash each, earned some little money in the Kansas wheat fields, and when I arrived in New York City in company with George Lynch, Gallaudet, '33, I still had \$45 out of my original sum of \$50, and after buying a new suit in New York came back to Kendall Green and deposited \$20 of the original capital in the bank.

"Bouncing Betty" stood out in the rear of the College Chapel for over a month. In the fall everything is a beehive of industry on the campus and we had no time to look after her. Her tires held the air without any attention during all of this time. The college faculty grew tired of seeing the old car idle and always in the same place, disfiguring the campus in their belief. In ours, "Bouncing Betty" was fit to be mounted upon a concrete pedestal for the future college students to halt and admire in the years to come. Unfortunately we tried to sell it to Henry Ford, for his museum, but Mr. Ford said that he was very glad to hear his car was a credit to his name, but he had no use for her anyway. The Smithsonian Institution, where the "Spirit of St. Louis" and other famous apparatus of all kinds repose, decided that "Bouncing Betty" was not antiquated nor famous enough for a place in its spacious halls. No one would buy her. One Spaulding sporting goods salesman offered to give me a pair of new trackshoes for her. He even went so far as to give me a pair of woolen socks to close the bargain, but he never came back to complete the trade. We were willing to sell the old car for five dollars, "terms, spot cash." There were no buyers at that time. Every one seemed to regard the stout chariot as worthless. Finally on Sunday, October 24th, after standing behind the chapel for more than one month, we sold her for five dollars on the following condition: "as is" and "where is." Following the consummation of the sale and before the new owner could move her away "Bouncing Betty" had her sweet revenge. Since the September day when she was last used, her tires had stood admirably solid—but now, as if she disliked to pass into the hands of a new owner, one of her tires went flat. How the college boys laughed when they noted this turn of affairs.

The last heard of "Bouncing Betty" she was running in the hilly North Carolina farm region along the gravel roads in good shape, with plenty of miles left, if given good care.

We had sold her to Leslie Himant, Gallaudet, '35, who bought a new battery, tuned the motor, and went home to North Carolina during Thanksgiving vacation. It is rumored that he plans to use "Bouncing Betty" to take him and his party to work at a hotel in the Adirondacks around Saratoga Springs, New York, this summer. Anyhow "Bouncing Betty" is still running.

We must, in the end, give due credit for our low expense bill to the different people who treated us to all kinds of good times and nourishing food, for which we did not pay out a solitary cent. Without the help of all those friends our trip would have been very dull and devoid of real adventure.

Here, the long trek of "Bouncing Betty," a Ford T touring car of the vintage of 1923; originally costing us \$35, and carrying us around 9,000 miles during the six months we possessed her, comes to an end.

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If interested, write for information to division secretary, Albert T. Sumner, 3457 Kingsland Ave., Bronx, New York City.

Manhattan Division, No. 87

National Fraternal Society of the Deaf, meets at 143 West 125th Street, New York City (Deaf-Mutes' Union League Rooms), first Wednesday of each month. For information, write the Secretary, Michael Cavallino, 28-21 48th Street, Astoria, L. I.

St. Ann's Church for the Deaf

511 West 148th Street, New York City Rev. GUNTER C. BLANCK, Vicar Summer services, each Sunday at 11 A.M. Holy Communion, second Sunday of each month.

Office Hours—Morning, 10 to 12. Afternoons, 2 to 4:30. Evenings, 8 to 10, Tuesday, Thursday and Friday only.

Hebrew Assn. of the Deaf, Inc.

Meets Third Sunday afternoon of the month. Information can be had from Dr. A. Felix Nash, Executive Director, 210 West 91st Street, New York City; or Mrs. Anna Sturtz, Secretary, 962 Whitlock Avenue, N. Y.

Religious Services held every Friday evening, eighty-third. Classes every Wednesday evening. Socials and movies first and third Sunday evenings.

Brooklyn Hebrew Society of the Deaf, Inc.

Meets second Sunday of each month except July and August, at the Hebrew Educational Society Building, Hopkinson and Sutter Avenues, Brooklyn.

Services and interesting speakers every Friday evening at 8:30 P.M., at the H. E. S. English Class, every Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday at 8 o'clock sharp, from September to May, at P. S. 150, Sackman and Sutter Avenues, Brooklyn.

Irving Blumenthal, President; Louis Cohen, Sec'y, 548 Powell Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Brooklyn Guild of Deaf-Mutes

Meets first Thursday of each month at the Church of the Messiah, 80 Greene Ave., cor. Clermont. Gates Ave. car stops at door.

SOCIALS AND ENTERTAINMENTS

October 29—Hallowe'en Party. Miss Avis Allen. November 26—Free Social. Miss Williams. December 17—Christmas Festival. Mrs. WISSESTERN, Chairman

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Club Rooms open the year round. Regular meetings on Third Thursdays of each month, at 8:15 P.M. Visitors coming from a distance of over twenty-five miles welcome. Joseph F. Mortiller, President; Nathan Schwartz, Secretary, 43 West 125th Street, New York City

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Third floor, 8 East Jefferson St., near Woodward Ave., Detroit, Mich. Club room open every day. Regular meeting on second Friday of each month. Visitors always welcome.

W. A. D. (Westchester Association of the Deaf)

Meets at the "Marlotte" Building, 201 South Third Avenue, Mt. Vernon, N. Y. Business meetings on every third Friday of each month. Socials and other affairs will be advertised in the JOURNAL. Silent movies 2d and 4th Sunday evening of each month except June, July and August. Out-of-town visitors are welcome to visit the club room.

THE WESTCHESTER DIVISION, No. 114, N. F. S. D., also meets at same place every first Friday of each month.

Information regarding the above can be obtained from Secretary Fred C. Berger, 161 Crosby Place, New Rochelle, N. Y.

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November 26, 1932

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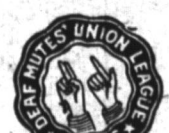
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